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ART. VI. — *Des Jésuites.* Par MM. MICHELET et QUINET. Paris : 1843.

THE Jesuits ! It is a word of terror, which M. Michelet and his friend utter in the ears of their countrymen ; of terror even to many of their Catholic brethren. Nor is the dread of this long slumbering, but now reawakening, body confined to France. Jesuitism is spreading, and silently acquiring strength, in the United States ; for good or for evil, it is gaining ground among us ; and many, whose eyes are open to the fact, see in our future history *auto-da-fes* and inquisitions, and Protestantism destroyed by a new St. Bartholomew. Under these circumstances, we have thought that a sketch of the founder of Jesuitism, of his purposes and constitutions, might be interesting and even useful.

It was in the year 1491, that the word spread from the ancestral castle up into the valleys of Guipuzcoa, that another son was born to the noble house of Ogner and Loyola. Already had Don Bertram seven sons and three daughters, before the birth of Ignatius, the last born of the family. And what a world was that upon which his eyes first opened ! In Germany, a little, fair-haired Martin Luther, eight years old, was gathering fagots with his mother in the woods of Mansfeld. In Florence, a polished, treacherous Lorenzo de Medici, worn out with gout and intrigue, was preparing to take to his death-bed, and sue, without success, to the haughty, unhappy monk Savonarola, for absolution. In Rome, a Roderic Borgia, the incarnation of evil, was looking forward to the day when, as Alexander the Sixth, he should preside over the Christian Church. In Spain itself, the Moor was fighting his last battles, and breathing his last sigh, and Columbus was standing ready to prove with his life the truth of his bold speculations. Ignatius had not yet walked alone, or mastered his first word, before Granada yielded, Lorenzo died, Columbus sailed, and the Holy College, guarded by armed men, chose the vilest churchman of Christendom as its supreme head.

Six years of his life passed by, and the youngest son of Loyola, handsome, intelligent, proud, ambitious, was already destined to the life of a courtier, and given as a page to Ferdinand the Catholic, when that same overbearing monk,

Savonarola, who had refused absolution to the chief of Florence unless he would restore freedom to his country, and all that he had usurped from them to his neighbours, stood forth against the abominable Borgia, and on the birthday of his Saviour proclaimed it as a revelation made to him from God, that he was not to obey the corrupt see of Rome. Men looked on admiring, and fancied the day of retribution had come. Not yet ; this was but the first blush of its morning, and their admiration and fancy died with the unhappy Dominican, whose weak recantations, a year later, were mingled with the hissing of his blood on the coals which were consuming him. The day was not yet ; the great champions were not ready ; the little Martin was now a stout scholar of fifteen, singing for bread at Magdeburg and Eisenach ; Ignatius, a boy of seven, was waiting on his most Catholic Majesty.

Years pass away ; vast events, to our eyes vague and ghost-like, flit across the stage of European history. Spain and France—mighty burglars—agree to enter, and divide the booty of Naples ; they enter it, quarrel, and Spain remains mistress. Charles is born, heir to Austria, and Aragon, and Burgundy, and Castile. Cæsar Borgia rages like a wolf through the whole centre of Italy. Venice, that mighty monster of the sea, contends with Turkey, France, the Emperor, the Pope, the Duke of Ferrara, the Marquis of Mantua, and Ferdinand of Aragon ; and yet, though the ocean is red with her blood, lives and fights on. The Pope Borgia dies,—dies of his own poison-cup, prepared for another, but seized on thoughtlessly by himself after riding on a warm day ; he and Cæsar both drink ; the latter outlives it, being plunged by his physicians into the warm and reeking entrails of a mule ; but the father is too gross, and dies, and the armed head of Julius fills his place.

Amid all this confused hubbub, Luther sits quietly at Erfurt, studying his Thomas Aquinas, his Cicero and Virgil, but above all, when once found, David, and Isaiah, and John, and Paul, and Jesus. Quietly he sits there, his half-muttered exclamations of delight hardly audible in that world of contest and dispute ; and yet within him is preparing matter with noise enough in it to make all Europe rock. Little Charles of Spain, heir to so many thrones, a lad of some three years old, never once suspects, as he plays with

his golden tassels, that so much trouble for his future life is preparing in the centre of Germany. But so it was ordained ; by study, by sickness, by the murder of his friend, by the lightning of heaven, Luther is led on, forced on, till we see him, in the night-time, knocking for admission at the hermit-house of St. Augustine. The Saint admits him, bestows his own name upon him, and, to uproot the pride of his heart, sends him forth to beg bread of his old friends. He is not merely in Augustine's house, and bearing the name of Augustine ; but the writings of the old African become, by intense study through ten years, first at Erfurt, then at Wittenberg, his key to the Bible, to life, and to his own heart. The greatest doctor of the Roman Church becomes, in Luther's hands, its deadliest enemy.

We look elsewhere, and find that the boy Ignatius had chafed at his pacific duties as a page, and, under Don Antonio Manrique, has long since become a soldier. When Luther went to Wittenberg, Ignatius was a lad of seventeen, gay, brave, and gallant ; when Luther struck his first blow at the Church theology, Loyola was a daring and devoted soldier of twenty-five. Handsome and vain, without any other moral guide than honor and good feeling, beloved by his followers, admired by the courtiers, with a taste for poetry, and absorbed in the pursuits of war and pleasure, there is hardly a man in Europe who seems less likely to do battle with the bull-necked Augustinian of Saxony. Five years more pass by, and, in 1521, the monk stands before the Imperial Diet at Worms, the eyes of Europe fastened upon him ; far off, looking down from the towers of Pampeluna on the pleasant plain about it, and across to the steep mountains which rise on every side, the soldier, unseen by Europe, waits the coming of the French army under Esparre. There are few troops in the town, and they are determined to surrender. Ignatius, a mere looker-on, without command, scolds and persuades to no purpose ; he retires into the citadel, followed by one soldier. The commander of the citadel also wishes to surrender, and Loyola opposes him. A conference is held with the French, and Loyola, to break it off, becomes violent and insulting ; the French, angry at his conduct, leave the meeting ; and now they must fight. As a volunteer, he leads the van, and is the soul of the little garrison. The French guns have thrown down the wall,

and Ignatius is in the gap ; hot, and fierce, and obstinate is the contest. Suddenly, the self-made leader falls, his right leg broken by a cannon ball, his left torn by a splinter. The contest is over, and the flag of France waves above the high walls and narrow streets of the capital of Navarre.

There were two castles in Europe, which, in that year, 1521, held strong men, engaged in fierce internal struggles ; the one was the Waldburg, overlooking the blue mountains and the Thuringian plains ; the other, Loyola, from which, perhaps, across the vales and hill-sides, the eye might catch a glimpse of the sea of Biscay. In the former sat Luther, doubting, dyspeptic, “uttering cries like a woman in travail” ; his mind and pen never resting, his great heart corroding in solitude, the enemy of God and man torturing and mocking him. In vain he sang the songs he had sung at Eisenach ; in vain he leaned against the oak and listened to the nightingale ; in vain he gave his whole soul to the task of reviving a vase of violets which the snow had caused to droop, and wept like a child over one that defied his power. His soul was at ease only in the busy struggle of the world, and in his “*Patmos*” did but grow more bitter against all opponents. In the other castle lay Ignatius, lame, sick, hopelessly deformed. His broken limb had been set unskillfully, and he caused it to be fractured again ; a bone projected near the knee, and he made the surgeons cut it off, scoffing at the agony ; the leg was still too short, and he stretched himself on the rack to lengthen it. It was all in vain ; he was hopelessly deformed. How bitter to the young courtier, the handsome soldier, were those words, — hopelessly deformed ! The light of life was eclipsed, and the music of praise was silenced for ever.

Thin and pale, with lips grown white from suffering, and eyes too proud to weep, but dull with dead hopes, Loyola lay waiting the administration of the eucharist. It was the vigil of the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, and the medical attendants said he could hardly live till morning. The priest came, and the mysterious wafer was given to the dying man. But before his dying sight still flitted the forms of enemies he had slain, and ladies he had loved ; he had eaten of the body of Christ, but was far from being filled with his spirit. The night wore on ; the relatives, one by one, retired ; with failing vision Ignatius watched the fan-

tastic figures on the tapestry, as they moved with the mountain wind, until, to his faint brain, they seemed like living men. Old, familiar faces smiled or scowled on him ; at moments he remembered the rite just administered, and then he thought of the holy men whose festival was to come on the morrow. Again he lost all consciousness, and then, recovering himself, asked if it was death or sleep. Such intervals became more and more frequent ; he was then passing away, and with cold lips he tried to fashion a prayer to Jesus, to Paul, to Peter. His lips ceased moving, his eyes closed ; the watchers by his side, worn out, dozed in silence. The wind stirring the forest boughs, and the tread of the sentinel, were the only sounds heard in the castle. At that hour, to the unconverted soldier, whose heart beat so wearily, appeared the majestic form of an old man, whose quick, kind eye filled with tears as he gazed upon him. " I am Peter," said the old man, " and I am sent of God to heal and save thee." He touched Ignatius with his hand, and then, turning, passed the watchers, who waked not, though his garments swept their feet, — and disappeared. Daylight stole over the Pyrenees, and the watchers of Loyola wakened like guilty men, and crept to the bed-side to see if he still lived. Calmly breathing, with placid brow, and cheeks no longer drawn by pain, the Heaven-rescued man slept as one to whom health has come again. His heart was no longer weary, no longer wholly given to the world ; the Apostle had driven out disease, and planted the germ of that faith which was to develope into Jesuitism.

The germ, — it was but the germ, — and the great enemy, tired of buzzing about Luther's ears in vain, strove hard to root out what the Apostle had planted. The lame, but now convalescing man, as he lay there hour after hour, day after day, thinking of the future, grew nervous and impatient, and longed to be amused. They searched the castle for novels ; there was not one that he had not read again and again. Those old chivalric romances had been his Bible for many a day ; his faith, and thence his life, had been shaped by them ; from them he had drawn that spirit of gallantry and war, which had sustained him thus far, and was, under new forms, to sustain him through yet greater contests, and to lead him to greater victories. They brought him " *The Lives of the Saints*," St. Benedict, St. Dominic, and St.

Francis ; these, at least, he had never read. How he turned the book over, and glanced it through in utter despair, is not written, but is none the less sure. Then the remembrance of his dream, or of the actual visit of St. Peter, — he knew not which to think it, — came over him, and his eye caught the account of the miraculous conversion of St. Francis. He read it through with care, read it again, and a third time. He thought of his own past life, of his miraculous cure, of the impossibility that he should thenceforth be a soldier, of the conquests which the holy men, whose written lives lay before him, had effected, of the work yet to be done, of the field yet white with the harvest. His eye kindled with a new hope, his hollow cheek flushed with the fever of a new ambition, and turning to the beginning of the volume which a few hours before seemed so tedious, he read it with his heart. Then rose the curtain from that dark future over which he had brooded so long ; he saw God's purposes in his wounds and sickness ; he knew why he had been torn from the war-saddle, and stripped of his manly beauty. He was a chosen vessel ; God had great objects in store for him ; he might regain the Holy Land, the Lord's sepulchre, Calvary, and Bethlehem, not, like the old crusaders, with an arm of flesh, but by the omnipotence of spiritual power. Who can tell what visions passed before the mind of the warm-blooded Spaniard, as, with many struggles and relapses, — by prayer, and reading, and silent thought, — he became the soldier of Christ ; threw up his allegiance to Charles and to Spain, and bound himself to God and the whole earth ; quenched for ever his cherished love “for a noble lady of the court of Castile,” and devoted himself to her who is indeed greater than countess or duchess, even to Mary the Virgin ?

His friends saw the change, and guessed the cause. His brother urged him to remember his renown, his warlike genius, and “to do nothing foolish.” Ignatius answered little, discussed nothing, promised nothing, wavered not at all. He, who had been stretched on a rack to lengthen his leg, would not be easily turned aside from the redemption of a world. He was now well, and one day proposed to ride over to Navarreta to see Manrique, his instructor and companion in arms. With two servants he quitted his home ; how calm outwardly, how full of fire within, we may imag-

ine. We can almost see him turning his horse, as he ascends the last hill that overlooks Loyola, and while his servants on their mules jog along under the oaks and chestnuts, we can observe his lips move as he bids farewell for ever to home, friends, wealth, fame, and pleasure, and with iron will binds himself to poverty, chastity, pain, self-denial, and reproach. He visited Manrique, sent back his servants, and pursued his way alone across the peninsula to Montserrat.

There was at that time in the monastery of Montserrat a Frenchman, John Chanones, who had been long a man of the world and distinguished in it ; but the Holy Spirit had called him, and he sat on the mountain, chief-confessor of the pilgrims who flocked thither. One evening, there came to him a man richly dressed, with the manner of a knight, and, though thin and feeble in appearance, wholly unlike the common people who thronged to his confessional. The holy father listened to his words, which were those of an agonized soul. His confession would be long and trying ; he had written it, he said, that he might omit nothing, and asked leave of the priest to commence on the morrow. He did so, and for three days, upon his knees, interrupted only by his own sighs and lamentations, did Ignatius pour into that sympathizing ear the tale of his sins, his sufferings, his conversion, his purposes, his temptations, and his fears. Well versed himself in the dangers of the world, the confessor listened with feeling, and answered with wise words. He showed Loyola how Satan slips into the very act of conversion, and prompts the half-saved soul to spiritual pride ; he pointed out the true life for the penitent to pursue, and the dangers he would need especially to guard against ; he sketched for him the varying features of the Evil One, so that he might know them even when they came before him in the guise of an angel's countenance.

Strengthened and purified, Ignatius left his weary post on the third evening, and, going forth, sought out the meanest beggar of the place, and bestowed upon him his rich apparel, clothing himself in the coarse gown and simple sandals of a common pilgrim. His sword, however, was still by his side, retained there, that, in due time, it might be dedicated to his holy mistress. That night, the devotee who rose, as the clock tolled twelve, to pray before the altar of the Virgin, was startled to find there a man pacing to and

fro, as the young candidate for knighthood was accustomed to do before admission to his order. In a pilgrim's dress, but with the bearing of a soldier, and carrying in his hand a knight's sword sheathed, this solitary figure walked there before the altar, or knelt, or stood gazing upward, muttering prayers, or talking in low tones to himself, from midnight till early morning. He then hung the sword upon a pillar near the shrine, for the last time dedicated himself to the service of Our Lady, received the communion, and on foot, with bare head, sought concealment in the hospital of Manresa, until the port of Barcelona should be opened, and the way to the Holy Sepulchre lie clear before him.

Meanwhile, the great warfare with the flesh and the Devil was to be maintained ; so he girt himself with an iron chain, put on a shirt of hair, fasted on bread and water, or, if he ate herbs, sprinkled them with ashes, slept upon the ground, and thrice a day applied the scourge to his flesh. Seven hours of every twenty-four he spent upon his knees in prayer ; to wound his pride, he begged from door to door ; and to confound that personal vanity which had so long ruled him, he made himself revolting to the sight, so that the children stoned him in the streets. But at this very time, a report spread in the village, that the loathsome beggar was a grandee of Spain, and men began to look on him with altered eyes, and met him as if he had been a saint. The Great Tempter came, too, and whispered, that, if he would only return, changed and sanctified as he was, to his old haunts, the court and camp, he would be able to reform and regenerate them. But Ignatius knew the features of the deceiver, and, plying his scourge with redoubled force, shouted, "Away from me, Satan !" and for a time he fled. Then he came again, in a new form, and despondency stole over the heart of the weakened devotee ; but again he was recognized and foiled. A third time he came, and whispered in a voice of kindness words of comfort. Why should this penitent fear to die ? Was he not saintly in his sufferings and self-mortification ? Was he not approved and beloved of God and Jesus ? Angels seemed to descend and invite him to paradise. But the enthusiast was even here a match for the tempter. He called to mind all his sins anew, exaggerated them, dwelt on them, made men sit by him and recite them in his ears, until the false heaven and the fallen angels vanished.

Words cannot picture the mental condition of Ignatius Loyola during that period of his life. We may call him fanatical, mad, hypocritical, perhaps ; but call him what we will, he was training his nature to endurance and labor such as few men have ever encountered. To form any just opinion of what he was, however, we should study his "Spiritual Exercises," composed chiefly at this time, in 1522. In them shines forth the most marvellous compound of extravagance and good sense, of the wildest enthusiasm and the calmest wisdom, of intense, heart-rending passion, and deliberate meditation. His life was a similar compound. He united then, in a manner which has characterized his order to this day, overwhelming impulses with the coolest judgment, manifested in adapting means to ends.

The parallel between Loyola as he was in 1522, and Luther as he was when at Erfurt, sixteen years earlier, which has been run by Ranke and D'Aubigné, we regard as entirely unjust ; for when we consider, that Luther's struggles with himself arose from the action of conscience and intellect, were waged by means of his intellect, and terminated in a doctrine, — while Loyola's came from conscience and a past life of wrong-doing, went on by the instrumentality of imagination and feeling, and resulted in a new life, we see no ground for any comparison between the two. Luther's whole process, which, we repeat, led him to a doctrine, and not to the Reformation, was characterized by those features, both good and evil, which distinguish Protestantism, and Loyola's by those which are peculiar to Catholicism ; and any parallel between the two men is but a comparison of the two faiths which they embodied, and addresses itself to prejudice, and not to fair judgment.

At length the plague ceased, and the port of Barcelona was opened. Loyola embarked for Italy, followed by the prayers and blessings of thousands ; for he had become known far and wide, had preached and exhorted to the conversion of many, and was already sainted in hundreds of warm and pure hearts. He went to Rome to receive the Pope's blessing, thence to Venice to embark, and on the 31st of August, 1523, landed at Jaffa. When Ignatius reached the Holy Land, with his heart burning to convert the infidel Turks, and rescue the sepulchre of Jesus from pollution by rescuing those who polluted it from Moham-

med, Luther, on his part, was just commencing, in defiance of the Elector, now trembling under the hand of death, his warfare upon the mass, "the sacrilege of Tophet." "Ketha," not yet his, and, indeed, hardly over the tremor which she felt as she left, with her companions, the monastery of Nimptsch, looked on admiring from the house of the burgomaster of Wittenberg. Luther triumphed ; the dean, frightened by the reformer's bulls, ordained the cessation of the great Catholic sacrifice in the church of All Saints, on Christmas day, 1524. The monastery, too, at that time, was no longer a home for monks, but had become the property of the University ; and Catharine Bora was beginning to think, that she might yet be the wife of the great reformer.

Luther triumphed, but not so Loyola. His bright dreams of converting the heathen were all dispelled by the absolute command of the Pope's representative in Jerusalem, that he should return forthwith to Europe. The Franciscan little knew to what a proud heart he spoke ; his easy eye saw nothing of the struggle in the enthusiast's breast, as he bent without one word to the authority of the Church, resigned his new ambition, crushed his new hopes, and forgot his disappointments in a long, last gaze upon the miraculous footprints of Jesus on the Mount of Olives. Five months after he landed at Jaffa, Ignatius was again in Europe ; and when Luther, on the 11th of June, 1525, went up with his bride to the house of Amsdorff to receive the nuptial benediction, Ignatius was studying Latin among little children in the grammar school of Barcelona. He had been led to think, as he returned from Palestine, that, to convert others, he must himself become wiser, a linguist and a theologian ; and there he sat, with difficulty mastering the rules of Latin syntax, while the heart of Europe stood still with dismay at the Insurrection of the Peasants. There he sat, studying, contending with the Evil One, who for ever drove out his Latin verbs with Spanish prayers ; or waited on the sick in the hospitals ; or preached to those of evil lives ; or won to the Church the innocent who were yet beyond its fold ; a saint in the eyes of many, and gifted with divine power, but among the last one would even then have selected to meet the triumphant monk who had worsted popes, emperors, and kings.

At the end of two years, he went to Alcala to study philosophy, followed by three disciples, to whom a fourth was added at that place. And he studied philosophy, not in Aristotle and Thomas Aquinas, — who were not much more to his taste than to Luther's, — but in the highways and hovels, in prisons and by the side of dying men, now among the dissolute students, and now amid a group of little children; he studied and he taught, and to such purpose that men thought him a magician, or at least a heretic. The ears of the Inquisition were at that time wide open, for the din of the Lutheran battle drove away sleep; even Spain was menaced, and every suspected man was watched with countless eyes. The abominable practices of Loyola and his disciples, which consisted mainly in doing ten times as much good as the priests, looked very like heresy, and quietly, but speedily, inquisitors from Toledo passed to Alcala. The whole life of Ignatius was examined, but neither magic nor heresy was found in it; and in silence the terrible inquirers sped back again, only requiring of the accused, through the Vicar-General, to go no more barefoot, — no very severe sentence for that tribunal.

But Satan, who had so long been trying to corrupt Loyola, all to no purpose, was bent upon trying what danger and suffering could do; and it was not long before a new accusation arose, of such a character as caused the Vicar-General to cast him into prison, where he lay many weeks, and when proved wholly innocent, he was released with the injunction, that he should give up preaching under penalty of excommunication. This was on the 1st of June, 1527. The sufferings of poor Loyola were now complete. Six years ago, all worldly honor and power were torn from him, and he gave them up without a sigh; two years later, the haughty Franciscan of Palestine demanded the abandonment of hopes and plans that were deep in his heart, and he abandoned them instantly; and now he is bidden, by one who speaks almost with divine authority, to give up what he had so long believed the voice of the Almighty required him to exercise.

It was a trial even for a saint's faith and patience. With reverence he remonstrated, and was sharply answered, that he should not preach novelties. "I did not think," said he, raising his calm, devout countenance, and looking the Vicar-

General full in the face, "I did not think, that to preach Jesus Christ was a novelty among you. I appeal to the Archbishop." If Luther, who, far off in Germany, was at that moment, perhaps, struggling in great agony with temptation, sickness, and despair, had been near when Loyola spoke those words, he would assuredly have welcomed him as a fellow-laborer.

The Archbishop of Toledo, to whom he appealed, advised him to go to Salamanca, which he accordingly did. But Satan was there before him, and no sooner did he commence teaching the people than he was once more cast into prison, where he stayed twenty-two days. As no fault could be found in him, however, by his judges, save that he preached rather too well, they were forced to set him free, though forbidding him to preach even orthodox doctrines, until he had read a course of divinity. Here again, as at Alcala, the voices of God and of the Church seemed opposed; in vain did the enthusiast try to reconcile them; obey he dared not, and disobedience would but expose him to the dungeon again, and close his lips and his mission. But Loyola was not a Hamlet, to waste his life in trying to reconcile opposing duties. He cut the knot he could not loose, and turning his back on Spain, in mid winter, alone, — for his disciples, too, left him at this juncture, — he passed the Pyrenees in safety, through storms, and snow, and bands of robbers, and early in February, 1528, stood looking down on the tall houses and narrow streets of Paris, from the heights of Montmartre. Thirty-seven years of his life had now passed, and seven of his regenerated existence; — and there he stood, alone, without a friend in the vast city below him, with but a little money, given him by some compassionate people in Barcelona, and in the character of a mere student; for his only object in Paris was to procure a proper education. Strangers from England and from Italy brushed by him as he meditated, and talked of the application which it was rumored Henry was about to make to the Pope for a divorce from Catharine; of the reported alliance between the English king and Francis against the Emperor; of the devastation of Rome since its fall the May previous; and of the horrors of its pillage, which, after nine months' occupation by the Spaniards and Germans, had not even then ceased. Their words fell on Loyola's ear, but

made no impression. His mind was filled with the single thought of becoming the spiritual regenerator of the immense multitude moving at his feet ; his projected life of poverty, labor, and religious instruction became more and more clearly revealed to him, and, before he returned to the Hospital of St. James for the night, the work of the morrow, of many morrows, was determined for him. Placing the little fund he had in a companion's hands for safe keeping, he begged his bread from door to door ; he pursued his study of Latin at Montaigne College ; and having obtained a hold upon some young Spaniards, proceeded with them through the " Spiritual Exercises," described by him six years before, and persuaded them to sell all they had, to give their money to the poor, and to beg with him enough to support life. But these young men had friends, who looked on all this as madness, and tried to persuade them to come back to common sense ; failing in this, they seized and withdrew them by force from the company of Ignatius, and denounced him, as a dangerous seducer of youth, to Ori, the inquisitor, who ordered him to appear and explain his conduct.

But Loyola had for a time left Paris. The friend to whom he had confided his money had proved a rogue, and having spent part, had run away with the remainder. He reached Rouen, there fell sick, and was at last brought to great want and suffering. In this emergency, he wrote to Loyola, and at the moment that the inquisitor summoned the Spanish enthusiast before him as a criminal, he was toiling on his way to Rouen to aid the poor wretch who had robbed him ; and before he returned to stand his trial, at the call of the representative of the dread tribunal, he had, by asking alms, obtained enough to procure the repentant wrong-doer a passage to Spain. He returned, was tried, and acquitted.

During seven years, Loyola remained in Paris. His life there was one of poverty, struggle, patient toil, and earnest study. It was the life that had been revealed to him during that first evening on Montmartre ; to which hill he frequently retired for prayer and meditation. Into the details of that life we have not room to enter. To reclaim the sinful was one of his chief aims, and no suffering, no labor, deterred him from it. Having long tried to turn one from licentiousness by reason and persuasion, he at length placed himself one evening by the side of the road along

which the offender was to pass, plunged to the neck in a half-frozen pond ; and as the young man came near, there was heard, as from the earth, a voice picturing God's punishment for sin. Startled by such sounds in the partial darkness, the youth trembled and stopped. "It is I," said Ignatius ; and, as the terrified and conscience-stricken man crept to the water's edge and peered through the gloom at him, he continued, "And here will I suffer, O sinner, for your sins ! Go, gratify your lust."

But his darling purpose was the realization of that dream which for ten years had haunted him, — the reclaiming of Palestine ; and he proceeded to enlist disciples to aid him in the work. Through six long, silent years he labored, and for every year could count one convert. It was in February, 1528, that he reached Paris ; in August, 1534, in the subterranean chapel of Montmartre, Ignatius, Xavier, Laynez, Salmeron, Bobadilla, Rodriguez, and Faber, bound themselves to the conversion of the infidels of Palestine, or, if they were not permitted to go thither, then to go whithersoever the Vicar of Jesus should send them.

But while, with the enthusiasm of Jesuits, they bound themselves by that memorable vow, with the calm good sense of Jesuits, also, they deferred the execution of their purpose for two years and a half, in order to complete their studies. When Loyola himself went to Spain, early in 1535, it was with the understanding, that his disciples would meet him in Venice, in 1537.

This act of Ignatius, his separation from his disciples for two years, and return home after an absence of fourteen years, we regard as one of the most characteristic of his life. It shows his coolness, his confidence, his power over his companions, his justice, and his self-command, in the clearest manner. Any but a master-mind, which, after so many years of fruitless toil, found itself on the brink of apparent success, would have urged immediate action, and have watched the new converts with jealous eyes, lest they should have forgotten all the past in dreams of the future. Loyola delayed the execution of his cherished scheme, left his disciples to the snares and dangers of Paris and the world, and turned his steps homeward, to repair, before he left Europe for ever, the wrongs of his youth in his native neighbourhood. He reached that neighbourhood, and took

up his abode at a hospital in Aspeytia, near by the castle of his fathers. To that castle, however, he was asked in vain. In vain was he tempted by rich meats, sent from it to his hospital ; he distributed them among the poor. He preached on the open hill-side to the thousands that flocked to hear him ; he founded charities ; he broke up the gaming-houses ; he stripped, by his eloquence, the rich ornaments of the women from their heads ; and publicly asking pardon of one to whom, when young, he had done a wrong, gave him two farms as a partial compensation for what he had suffered. It was no wonder that such a man, in that age and land, was able “ to do what he pleased ” ; and was followed, almost worshipped, as a miracle-working saint. Having in this manner bidden farewell to his birthplace, about the end of 1535 he repaired to Venice, there to await his companions.

They came, earlier than was anticipated by some weeks, on the 8th of January, 1537. This they did because of the war then raging between France and the Emperor. When they reached the place of embarkation, though they found their leader there prepared to set forward to the Holy Land, the way was barred by the contest between the Turks and Christians, which continued through that year. Loyola, we say, was ready to go forward ; during the year which he had passed in Venice, new views had, probably, been unfolded to him ; but he had not in the least abandoned his determination to aim first at the rescue of that land where Jesus taught and died. During that year, he had become acquainted, had lived and labored, with Gianpietro Caraffa, afterwards Paul the Fourth, the chief of the Theatines, and one of the most eloquent, violent, self-willed, self-sacrificing, in short, thoroughly *Roman* Catholic, rulers by whom the Universal Mother was ever governed. From him Loyola caught something, but not much ; and even in receiving this, he refused so much more, that he made the future Pope his enemy ; so openly his enemy, that, when the missionaries for Palestine thought proper to ask the ruling pontiff for his blessing on their enterprise, it was judged best by Ignatius, that he should not be one of those who were to ask it. That blessing, through the good offices of Peter Ortiz, who represented the injured Catharine of England at the court of Rome, was given ; and those who were yet laymen having been ordained as priests, they waited

for the new year to open the way to Palestine. If it was not open by the close of the year, then their vow bound them to follow the Pope's behests. They waited, not in idleness and luxury, but in hospitals, prisons, and hermit-cells. Labor and suffering, self-denial and self-sacrifice, were not words and resolutions, but acts, with those men.

But they waited in vain ; the path was closed, and now another career opened before them. It was at Vicenza that Ignatius met his companions, who had been scattered through various cities on their deeds of mercy. Forty years of constant effort and exposure had matured the expression of that calm, commanding countenance, upon which not a shade of disappointment or regret could be seen, as he announced the failure of the great purpose of his life. When he bade the castle of Loyola farewell in 1522, tears stood upon his cheek ; when he abandoned Palestine, his lip trembled ; when tyrannized over at Alcala and Salamanca, his eye flashed fire ; but years had done their work, and in the spirit of true faith and resignation, he now pointed out to his followers the way which God had opened for them. It was not Palestine, but the whole wide world, that was to be their field ; it was not the Mohammedans, but all heretics, all pagans, all sinners, whom they were to convert and bring into the fold of the Saviour. As he spoke, the visions of his youth returned upon Loyola ; he saw again, as at Manresa, the opposing camps of Jesus and Satan ; he heard again that voice of divine melody, which had so often given him strength in his trials, and saw Mary herself smile upon him. " Brothers," he said, with the calmness of confirmed strength, " brothers, we are ' The Company of Jesus ' ; he is our Captain, and, battling under him, we will drive back the heretics of Germany, and carry the gospel to the farthest East, and to the new-found heathen of the West." They listened as to a prophet ; they felt the presence of Jesus in the midst of them, sanctioning the words of their elder brother ; they received the spirit of faith which enabled them to fulfil the prophecy.

Ignatius, Laynez, and Faber went at once to Rome, to offer the services of the Company to the Pope. The others divided themselves among the Universities of Italy, to aid the youth in the pursuit of heavenly wisdom. They bound themselves to live in hospitals, and upon alms ; to receive

no money ; to preach with apostolic plainness ; to teach children ; to aid all men ; and to obey one another in turn.

The chief and his two companions were received with kindness at Rome ; their works had gone before them. Ignatius became the spiritual director of some aged and distinguished men ; the others were appointed to teach in the University. From that time, Rome became the residence of the founder of the Jesuits ; sometimes in disgrace, sometimes persecuted, once tried, and through perjury almost condemned, he still labored to assist the suffering, and to perfect the outline of that order which it was now agreed should be founded by the members of the Company of Jesus. The spirit had been breathed into them at Vicenza, the form was taken at Rome ; and after long examinations and debates, after prayer and fasting on the part of the comrades, and struggles to resist them on the part of those who feared all change, it was at last approved by the Holy Father on the 27th of September, 1540. In that year, the cause of Luther received two wounds : the bigamy of Philip of Hesse, half-sanctioned by the Reformers ; and the foundation of the “ Society of Jesus.”

The order being sanctioned, a general was to be chosen, and rules or constitutions were to be formed. It could not be that any other than Loyola would be chosen general, and though he resisted the choice, it was clear that his resistance must yield. At length, on Easter day, 1541, he acquiesced in the unchanging wish of his followers. On the following Friday, this now triumphant enthusiast, who for twenty years had labored for that day, walked with his little band through the streets of Rome, visited the seven churches, received and gave the communion, took the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and bound himself and his brethren to go wherever the Pope should order, and to teach little children the Christian doctrine. To this last duty Ignatius at once devoted himself, and through forty days the church of Santa Maria de Strata was filled with curious and awe-struck listeners ;—the noble, the rich, the beautiful, learned divines, and venerable teachers, were there, catching with eagerness the broken Italian of the Spanish saint, as he expounded the catechism to the children about his knees. Some sneered, but for the most part men and women wept, or smiled through their tears, as they

heard the heart-felt, heart-reaching accents of him who had studied divinity so profoundly in the great school of life.

Nor did the active benevolence of Loyola prove less when he possessed power, than when he was borne down by poverty and weakness. He still visited the prison, the sick-bed, and the poor man's hovel ; he labored to convert the Jews, to reclaim the vicious, and to ward off danger from those yet uncorrupted. He founded institutions and asylums in pursuance of his designs ; but the two great objects of his life thenceforward were, to complete the Constitutions of his society, and to fulfil the weighty duties which devolved upon him as its first general.

The Constitutions of Loyola are worthy of deep study ; they unfold his plans, and reveal his spirit. They should be investigated by every student of associated action, and in many points we believe they are worthy of imitation. Let us examine them a little. The purpose of his order was, to fight the battles of Jesus, and to conquer the enemy of Christ and man. His followers were to do this first in themselves, and then in others ; remembering, that every blow struck for another's salvation helped to secure their own, provided the act was done in the spirit of Christian love. To attain these two ends, self-sanctification and the good of others, Ignatius saw that there was needed less of solitary contemplation, and more of active labor and benevolence, than was to be found in the other orders of Christendom. He saw, too, that the true field for action was education, in its widest sense ; and that the instruction and edification of the young especially was the best method of securing a hold upon the adult population of the world. With equal clearness, he perceived the immense advantage to be gained by occupying those portions of the world, which as yet lay in heathen darkness. The faith of the Western Church was truth to him ; the cause of that Church was the cause of Christ ; and to spread its power was to spread the power of the gospel. In farther India, in remote Peru, he would lay foundations broad and deep for the Church to rest upon securely, even when, in Europe, the earth rocked under her. With these two great instruments, the education of the young and the conversion of the heathen world, he would combine the power derived through the confessional, and the moral influence growing out of self-sacrificing charity. Aid-

ed by these, he knew his followers might preach to good purpose, and lay hold of the springs of life in their hearers. But how could men be found capable of such labors as were to be required even of the privates in that Company of Jesus? They were to be *made*; to be made at once perfectly obedient and perfectly self-sustaining. They were not to be machines, but men, — and yet men acting with the unity, the regularity, the unconsciousness, of the various parts of a machine. They were to give up every thing to the great purposes of the order, and were to pursue those purposes with the devotion due to individual ends. They were to annihilate themselves, and yet develope every faculty and taste to the utmost. They were to combine the characters of the religious recluse, the devoted missionary, the finished scholar, the polished gentleman, and the Christian man of the world; to respect no claims, to regard no rules, which interfered with the purposes of the order; for these were God's purposes, far above all other claims and human regulations.

Such was the problem before Ignatius, to make such men. He and his successors solved it; they made men who, in union, could do more for good or evil than any others the world has ever seen; and who did more good when the true purpose was in view, and more evil when a false one usurped its place. They attained success, first, by choosing the right material, and rejecting every one who might begin, but could not go through, the trial. Whoever entered the order was tried like the musket at the armory, and only those who were beyond all question were kept. Secondly, he who entered the society was to abandon every thing beyond it; to hold no conversé with the world, except under a superior's eye; to hate father, and mother, and all, for the sake of Jesus. Thirdly, the whole course of education for the order was calculated, like that of a military school, to secure perfect obedience, — that peculiar loss of individuality which is seen among soldiers, with whom the corps is every thing, and the man is nothing. Fourthly, exercises were contrived which caused each member to learn his own resources and rely upon them, — to cultivate and know every power he possessed. The Jesuits were like an army drilled to the last degree in unity of action, and yet so that every man among them could sustain the duties of a partisan warrior. And fifthly, the discipline which was to devel-

ope the youth into a Jesuit continued until the habits of life were fixed and hardened, not to be changed.

But Loyola saw that all must not be of one rank, or bound to the same duties. He established, therefore, four grades ; first, professed fathers, bound to live by alms, and to go on missions ; secondly, spiritual coadjutors, without individual property, but provided for by college revenues ; these were the instructors ; thirdly, the scholars, or Jesuits in the process of development ; and fourthly, the temporal coadjutors, who retained their property, and assisted without recompense in the administration of the society. At the centre of this body sat the general, receiving, as through electric telegraphs, news from every quarter ; a despot, whose will seemed almost omnipotent, whose eye was on every member in the farthest isles of the Indian sea, and yet who was himself watched and ruled, and who was absolute only within the prescribed circle of his power. If he went beyond that circle, he was warned ; and if the warning was disregarded, he might be deposed.

Such are the outlines of those Constitutions, which, with prayer and praise, and, as he believed, under the inspiration of God, Ignatius drew up ; which he submitted to the chier men of the society, and left to be approved by the first general congregation that should meet. Into the history of the order we do not propose to enter ; but one remark is worthy of a place here, — that the evils of Jesuitism did not appear until the Constitutions had been practically changed, the plan of Loyola violated, and the balance of power overthrown.

Ignatius lived fifteen years at the head of the society which he had founded. He died in 1556, at the age of sixty-five. Luther had died just ten years before. In the latter portion of Loyola's life, we see a man calm and firm as Washington, ruling with the energy and the success of a narrow, but mighty, mind. Obedience was his watchword ; he who had obeyed others required others to obey him, absolutely and wholly. He required not only that the conduct and will should comply, but that the mind should deem that course true and right which the superior determined to be true and right. He withstood popes, cardinals, and kings, when they came within his province, as resolutely as Luther, and with far more dignity. He would not allow his follow-

ers to receive any high office in the Church, but required devotion, entire devotion, to the order they had joined. Novelties he hated and abjured ; he was the man of the past, of the ages of blind faith, passive obedience, and pattern excellence ; as Luther was the man of the future, of the ages of destruction, and doubt, and disobedience, and progress. Rapidly and widely Loyola saw his order spread. At his death, it existed in fourteen provinces ; hundreds of its members were laboring in India, America, and Africa, and millions of souls were under its sway. In the very year that he died, it became fixed at Cologne, at Ingolstadt, and at Prague ; and the Protestants, on the field where the Reformation had triumphed, saw themselves surrounded by papal forces far different from the lazy monks whom Luther, and Erasmus, and Hutten warred against.

Then the enthusiast prepared himself to die in triumph. God had granted his prayer, had rolled back the tide of heresy, and won new lands for Christendom. We can see him on that night of the 30th of July, when all had left him, and when, filled with the conviction that his end was close at hand, he bent for the last time before his Maker, giving thanks for the victory which Jesus had secured to his faithful soldiers. And as he looked back and scanned the life of which he was so soon to give an account, his idle youth, his laborious manhood, his successful old age, did Ignatius find himself a hypocrite ? Never, we believe, did a man's heart acquit him more entirely of that crime than did Loyola's. He saw his folly, his waste of time, his ill-directed enthusiasm ; but he knew that he had sincerely, heartily, laboriously, striven to advance the cause of the Church ; and as the body failed, and the remembrance of that other death-night in the ancestral castle, when Peter had appeared to him, rose upon his soul, the calm, stern old man became a visionary youth again. The mountains of his boyhood rose about him ; the pebbly brooks he had sat by, reading romances, again gurgled in his ear. The unknown maiden, to whose service he had mentally devoted himself, came by upon her palfrey ; his heart was yet young, and far purer than when Peter healed him by a touch. Then, death stood by him, a dreaded and ghastly form from below ; now, it was an angel stooping from above to receive him. In his excited mind, the bubbling brook, the maiden's

laugh, changed to the hymns of blessed spirits, and the form of his early lady-love became that of his true Mistress, before whose altar he had hung up his sword.

Day broke over the Eternal City. It was scarce sunrise, when the fathers came to visit their superior. The color had left his lips, his pulse just moved, but his eye was calm and full of light. They put cordials to his mouth, but he would not taste them. They would have sent for the physicians; but he, by gesture, forbade them. They knelt by his bedside, they heard the death-rattle, and they marked the life leaving the eye. One word his faint lips fashioned, and faintly it echoed through the room, as if spirits had repeated it; it was the name of his Great Captain, "Jesus"; before the echo ceased, Ignatius Loyola had passed to another world.

What, then, was this man? He was one based upon sincerity, above all things; narrow and stationary, fanciful and fanatical, a deep faith still worked in every thing he did and wrote. He was not a man of vast intellect, but of vast energy and courage, and who, without convincing men, obliged them to yield by force of will and nerve of character. His institution was not the result of long meditation and profound ambition, but sprang from circumstances, from the inability of the Companions to reach Palestine, and the experience of their leader during that winter in Venice spent with Caraffa. Its success came from the sincerity of the men who formed it. Less true and devoted, they would have received the honors of the Church; they would have refused such utter devotion to their order; they would have rebelled against the despotic power of the general.

The Constitutions of the Jesuits were less the result of the wisdom of thought, than of the wisdom of devotedness. Laynez was a man of thought, and did much toward perfecting the Constitutions; but their great features were from the soldier Ignatius. The truth of this view will be seen in the history of the order; for when selfishness took the place of self-sacrifice, the Constitutions were changed, the general was stripped of power, and the order was forgotten by its members, as it no longer served to forward their individual ends; the honors of the Church were received, worldliness took the place of sincerity, and Jesuitism was without power.

Lastly, Loyola was a conservative, attached to the past.

Forms he was ready enough to violate ; but the substance of old things, the excellencies of the middle time, he clung to with desperation ; and lest he should lose them, he clung also to its follies and its evils. He was a man of one idea, and this idea was, like that of Hildebrand, to bring all things, temporal and spiritual, physical and intellectual, into submission to the will of God, and to the Roman Church. This design may be ascribed to ambition ; but look at the life of Loyola up to the year 1538, and where are there plans which show ambition ? Yet he had then been laboring sixteen years. And what shall we say of the institution which he founded ? The end proposed was one of the highest which man can entertain ; for what can be higher than the sanctification of the human race and the spread of Christianity ? Though we think Loyola's Christianity was but gross superstition, this judgment cannot affect our estimate of his design. It may be said, also, that the means proposed for gaining the end were admirable, for their efficiency has been attested by their success.

And what may be done by Protestants in this country to stop the growth of Jesuitism ? Shall they try to preach or write it down ? To vote or burn it down will hardly be openly advocated as the true method. To us the proper course seems to be this ; to found better schools, and to seek out more self-sacrificing laborers, more earnest missionaries, more persuasive preachers. Let Protestantism quit scolding, and live out a better Christianity than Romanism and Jesuitism, and these latter cannot succeed. But if they form the church militant, while Protestantism continues to be only the church termagant, the power and the growth will be theirs.

ART. VII. — *Alida ; or Town and Country.* By the Author of "Allen Prescott." New-York : Henry G. Langley. 1844. 8vo. pp. 176.

WE know not whether we should apply the abused name of Novel to a work like this ; for its object is to give just views of life, which the novel has too seldom done. Vivid